JOE HALLIDAY'S COURTSHIP,

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY HERBERT E. HAMBLEN.

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arm and a railroad dinner pail in his hand. leaning against a gate. On the other side a blue-eyed girl with sunny hair and apple-

Here was another one of 'em.

Joe was conscious of a guilty blush, but
he greeted Annie's father with a diplomatic

is the public highway, an' I'll get out when I get good an' ready. You ought to be ashamed to talk about your daughter

A strapping, square-shouldered, browneyed young fellow, with traces of coal dust
in his lashes, rolled-up overails under his
lashes, rolled-up overails under his
law of compensation more than evened mat-

leaning against a gate. On the other sue a blue-eyed girl with sunny hair and applered cheeks.

Joe Halliday, just in with the night freight, surrendered to temptation. He dropped his overalls and dinner pail, reached across, and drawing the smiling face to disc, pressed his lips to the crumpled twin rose leaves.

With innocent fearlessness the blue eyes looked into the brown ones, while their owner drank in the pleasant greeting of her lover. Suddenly her gaze was deflected over looked into the brown ones, while their owner drank in the pleasant greeting of her lover. Suddenly her gaze was deflected over look for another job; I'm gittin' about sick by one of terror, and with the cry. "Oh, here comes papal" she fled toward the house. Old Dave Spellman had forgotten his pipe, for once—a brierwood, burned to the water's edge, and strong enough to jack up a derailed mogul—and had come back after it. He caught a glimpse of a blue gingham skirt as it whipped around the rose bush, and then his surjugaze fell upon Joe. Here was another one of 'em.

Joe was conscious of a guilty blush, but he greeted Annie's father with a diplomatic beginning anything of the kind, so he just remembered that he was a cantake to try its it on the pin. Then be turned to the enaged old engineer, and, looking him skirt as it whipped around the rose bush, and then his surjugaze fell upon Joe.

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both sides of her. Ill feeling increased be-tween the two engineers until Joe's love for Annie was hardly sufficient to prevent him cordially hating her father. Commu-



DRAWING THE SMILING FACE TO HIS-

which told him that Dave had set the dog which told him that Dave had set the dog on him. But Joe wasn't one of the slow sort who court the daughter of an irascible old railroader, without first getting solid with the dog. As popular report credited Bendigo with a collection of samples from the fair Annie's would-be admirers, Joe had been forewarned. When Bendigo came tearing through the gate, his wrinkled muzzie, gleaming fangs and erect mane, eloquent of his intentions, he found nobody there but his very good friend, Joe Halliday. Joe soothed his disappointment with day. Joe soothed his disappointment with scraps from his dinner pail, patted the great head affectionately and resumed his home-ward course—vowing to get square with old Dave, if he had to steal Annie bodily.

In the meantime, poor Annie went about her work with drooping head, her long lashes daintily brushing her flushed cheeks, lashes daintily brushing her flushed cheeks, accepting in silence her father's caustic vituperations. "So that's what all that extry whistlin's fer, down here at the yard block, hey? Thought 'twas for his mother to have his breakfast ready," grunted Dave, who knew a thing or two himself.

It now became impossible for the lovers to meet, except when love came in or meet, except when Joe came in Dave's day out; but when that combina-tion occurred, a strain was put upon the gate hinges, and the biue eyes and the brown ones drank in each other's meaning, while savage Bendigo lay contentedly at

Joe pleaded his cause with the elequence

of desperation, there were no little brothers or sisters to be cared for; nobody at all but old Dave. And he pictured in glowing colors the contrast between this and the life she would lead as his wife in the hardsomeont. the handsome cottage just being completed, near the church.

ed, near the church.

But her unvarying answer, delivered in that monotonous tone which sounded to Joe like the wail of utter hopelessness, was: "I can't; Oh, Joe, I can't! Not while father lives. Who but me could get along with him? Please don't ask me, dear."

And so two fond hearts mourned.

Joe proposed tackling the old man himself, boldly demanding his daughter's hand; but Annie begged him not to imperil what little comfort she had in life. To his suggestion that she might be able to talk her father over, she replied that she had never known him to recede from a position he had once taken. So they were obliged to content themselves with such claudes-tine meetings as they could get, though they found them far from satisfactory. Old Dave had run one side of the steam-boat express for years, and he tyrannized over his partner, easy-going Harry Joyce, as he did over everybody else. Dave owned the engine, and everything pertaining to her; there was no disputing that. In the big bizzard of '88 poor Harry stayed with her in a snowdrift for thirty-six hours, and went home and died of pneu-

monia a week later.

Everybody said it was a happy release.

Joe Halliday, being the senior freight engineer, was promoted to the vacancy. Here was a combination with a vengeance! was a combination with a vengeance: Joe would much have preferred that it had been somebody else's turn for a passenger train. Annie was thrown into a state of mind, and all hands on the road kept their ears metaphorically inclined for the explosion. Dave said nothing, and nobody had the temerity to ask his opinion.

There was one charmons wain anyway:

There was one enormous gain, anyway: Joe and Dave were never at home on the same day: consequently the proverbially rocky road of true love immediately as sumed a smoothness most delightful. With Dave 150 miles up the road, the young

couple felt safe in deserting the gate in favor of the parlor.

The steambout train was always late. On this end, the steamers delayed it anywhere from ten to thirty minutes, and, of course, lots of things can happen to lay out a fast eastbound train between Chicago and tidewater. Dave had always opposed tearing the engine to pieces and burning coal to make up an extra five minutes. So poor Harry-for the sake of peace-had always run just as Dave told him to. But Joe was ambitious; old fegy notions had no charms for him. He began making changes at once. He keyed her up all round, took up lost motion all over her, started up the feed on the oil cups, crawled into the front end and did things to the diaphragm and nozzle, and swedged open the meshes of the spark netting to let her breathe. He got the valves reset, by promising to stand be-tween the roundhouse foreman and cranky Dave. He familiarized himself with and mastered her pet vices, spread the light to the conductors, enthused the fireman and

Joe said nothing to Annie of the new

law or compensation the ters up.

Dave snorted about in futile rage for a week. He told his troubles to no one; would hardly admit of their existence himbould hardly admit of their existence himbour transported that "a kid

impossible to misunderstand:
"We'll settle this matter right now, Dave, "We'll settle this matter right now, Dave."

"What are you hangin' round here fer?"
growled Dave. "Git along about yer business: I don't want ye here! Come, clear out!" he shouted, as Joe drew himself up with flushed cheeks and eyes snapping, and declined to move.

"Who do you think you're talking to?" asked Joe, angrily, his diplomacy scattered to the four winds by old Dave's onslaught. "Tm talkin' to you. I won't hev ye runnin' after my gal. These is my premises; git out!"

"We'll settle this matter right now, Dave. I own just as much stock in this engine as you do, and I'm going to fix things the way I want 'em; if they don't suit you, you can change 'en back again on your trip; but don't you come round trying to boss me, 'cause I won't stand it."

Completely flabbergasted, corked up, his gun effectually spiked, old Dave withdrew in disorder, while an irreverent young wiper shouted: "Flash in the pan!" from under the engine. That marked a new era. It was the last time that Dave tried to run both sides of her. Ill feeling increased be-

like that; I always knew you was an old—" nication between them ceased at once, but they heard from each other daily. Brother



was rushing toward the house, calling engineers, hostlers and wipers saw to it "Bendigo!"
A moment later Joe heard an urgent "Sick 'im, boy!" followed by a rushing, growling, gravel-scattering within the "premises," lostiers and wipers saw that they were kept posted.

Joe made up all the time he could, and Dave wouldn't be beaten. The train came to be known as "The Flyer," and freight men quit speculating as to how much of her time they could safely steal. All hands took sides. The young runners hinted sagey at "new blood," while the fossils said they'd seen "smarties" before, and predict while the fossils said ed a dull and sickening thad. Neither had any advantage. Scientific running, the ability to get more work out

of an engine than she was built to do, was the only thing that counted in this contest. Green flags and slowboards received scant courtesy, and both men were had up on the carpet and cautioned against reckless running. But competition was sharp, the train was making a name for itself, and nothing had happened—yet; so the "super" winked the other eye, and the race went merrity on. merrily on.

Merrily on.

On the Fourth of July Joe made up seventeen minutes on the west-bound trip, beating the record. Next day Dave left twenty minutes late, and made up six-teen, according to the train sheet. He had a row over it in the office, claiming sev-enteen, but had to accept the official fig-ures. He said he would have made up the whole twenty only for old Flannigan hold-ing the semantic. ing the semaphore against him at Newtown, causing him to shut off, lose his way and crawl all the way up the mile and a haif grade to the station.

Joe laughed when he heard that, and said

he guessed the old man was losing his

"Losin' my nerve, be I?" Dave roared, "Losin' my nerve, be I?" Dave roared, when this was repeated to him. "Say, if I don't make that kid lose his nerve 'fore he's follered me round the division another thirty days, I'll take a 'hog' on extra freight. Losin' my nerve! Well, blast him!" and he dived under her with an armful of wrenches, swearing to himself and spluttering tobacco juice in all directions.

When he left that trip—eighteen minutes When he left that trip—eighteen minutes late—he told his fireman he could pick himself out of a hog when he got back, if he

failed to keep a hundred and forty on her every minute. "Git 'em there, Dave!" the station mas-

"Git 'em there, Dave!" the station master called after him as he pulled out.

"Til register 'O T' at Franklin today, or this mill will go to the shop on a flat car tomorrow," Dave shouted back.

When through the tunnel and clear of the freight yard he dropped his hat in the seat box and tied a red bandanna around his head. He was out for business. Then was seen a bit of slick running. The old engineer brought into play all the fine points he had learned in twenty years at the throttle. He cut her back or dropped her down a notch, as she approached sags and knolls so slight as to be imperceptible except to his finely trained sense of feeling. He fed the cold water to her with the precision of a physician guiding a patient through a crisis, and babied and coaxed her like a spoiled child. And nobly she responded. She seemed to lay her ears back, take the bit in her teeth and fly. take the bit in her teeth and fly.

The fireman—mindful of his chief's admonition, and that a modicum of the credit of success, as well as all the odium of failare, would be his-toiled like a galley slave, Between them she carried the white feather at her safety valve mile after mile, and

the steamboat train was wheeled as it never had been wheeled before.

It was an ideal day. An early morning shower had laid the dust and freshened the dark, midsummer green of trees and grass until they sparkled gaily in the bright sunshine. Even crabbed old Dave felt the southing influence of sunshine. Even crabbed old Dave felt the soothing influence of the perfect day as he tore along counting mile posts and noting time. He congratulated himself on the time. He congratulated himself on the squareness with which she chopped it off, and the lively manner in which she picked up her heels, until he remembered that the kid had had the valves reset; then he

resumed the mental stunt known to en-gineers as "figgerin' ahead."

In places he could make up fractions of a minute, in others he would be thankful to minute, in others he would be thankful to hold his own. He must have enough water in her so he could shut off his injector and lace the life out of her going into Newtown. If old Flannigan should hold the semaphore on him today he would feel like murdering him. And so the old fellow mused as he rode along, getting better natured every minute, as he saw he was "gittin' 'em there."

There was a mile and a half of stiff grade right up to the station—that was where he would need to have them going. Half way would need to have them going. Half way up this grade the road was spanned by an overhead railroad bridge of solid masonry. Fifty yards this side of the bridge there was a freight yard switch, the track branching off on Dave's side. The yard was concealed from approaching trains by an immense coal shed, which, at that time of day, threw a dense black shadow on

the switch. When the switch was open, its round, red target blazed a warning to approaching engineers. When closed, the thin edge of the sheet-iron target was invisible. To render it absolutely safe, it was interlocked with a semaphore 1,500 feet

down the line.

The rules required that the semaphore be pulled down—to safety—only when in view of the approaching engineer. It could only be pulled down when the switch was closed, because a hole in the switch rod would then be in a position that would allow the semaphore locking ber to pass through it lock aphore locking bar to pass through it, locking the switch. When the switch was open the solid rod was presented to the point of the locking bar, preventing the semaphore being pulled down. With the semaphore at "stop" the locking bar would be withdrawn from the hole and the switch could be thrown either way which was all right as thrown the note and the switch could be thrown either way, which was all right, as no train would pass the semaphore when in that position.

Surly old Mike Flanningan had been on

the day shift at the switch for years. He rigorously enforced the rule, everything must be clear and the switch closed ten minutes before a first-class train was due. Strong in his integrity, he showed but scant

Strong in his integrity, he showed but scant courtesy, even to the roadmaster; so he was respected for his fidelity to duty as heartily as he was detested for his arrogance.

While disconnecting, to put in a new set of head blocks, the section gang broke the bolt connecting the semaphore locking bar to its crank; hence, for a night and a part of two days, the vital connection between semaphore and switch was broken. Mike, of course, knew this, but during the controversy, when, with unnecessary insolence, he drove the way freight engine back into the yard, it slipped from his memory. Dave nearly pulled the whistle off the dome when he whipped around the curve, and Mike, the infallible, pulled the semaphore down, with the switch open to the freight yard.

boiler pressure, allowing the safety valve to seat. Without taking his eye from the track, Dave reached in and shut off the in-jector. Again that plume of feathery white steam-indicati g the 140-pound limit-appeared at the summit of the dome. As Dave peered into the shadow of the coal shed, the red target suddenly glared at him like the eye of a basilisk, and he experi-

enced the sensation railroad men know when their time has come. With her throttle open wide, and roaring like the incarnate fiend of destruction, she entered the switch at a seventy-mile-an-

hour gait.
She heeled, her head whipped around, and, sine neered, her head whipped around, and, rolling over, she plowed through ties and rails into the yard. The ripping up of track was drowned in the clash of rending iron and hissing steam when she hit the way freight engine. The baggage car, deflected from its course before the coupler broke, leaped over her and stripped the way freight engine. the way freight engine to its boiler, killing the engineer and fireman. Four coaches rammed themselves into a chaotic mass of splintered wood and twisted iron against the railroad bridge. The rear one upended itself on the pile—accentuating the horror beneath—and stood at an unstable angle, demonstrating "What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body."
While ruin and death were rampant at the Newtown switch, Joe and Annie-secur in Dave's absence—were snugly ensconced in a shady corner of the back piazzi. A bobolink fluttered from the topmost twig of the great elm into the tall grass, filling the silence with its joyful notes. A locust droned its sleepy chant at their feet. All the voices of nature seng of peace, and they were lost in the semi-oblivion of love's grand, sweet dream.

A railroad contrast!

A railroad contrast!

Although Dave plowed up considerable gravel, and knocked against the company's property in a good many places, he was one of the first to assist the imprisoned passengers, and superintended the loading of his engine on a flat car. He laid off for thirty days complaining of his back, but thirty days, complaining of his back; but in one of the rare interviews they were now able to get, Annie told Joe that she feared her father's nerve was gone, and that he would never run again. Joe would not venture to call—nobody did—but he nodded cheerily to the sour visage whenever he saw it at the window as he passed.

Dave came out of his shell and tried it again, but it was no week.

Dave came out of his shell and tried it again, but it was no use. He made three trips, but he would shut off at Newtown switch in spite of himself, and was no good for the rest of the trip. Finding himself unable to make the time, he submitted to the inevitable and applied for a switch engine. The old man could have given him. The old man could have given him a nice job in the passenger yard, but there are always old scores to be paid off on a railroad. Dave had been "sassy" when he was bess of the 27, and had the superintendent at his back, so now he got an old worn-out hog, in the freight yard—and he made no kick His made no kick. His nerve was, indeed,

pretty well gone.

He took a preliminary sweat under her-He took a preliminary sweat under herfrom habit—and was half tired and wholly
heart-siek and discouraged when he started
in on the twelve-hour day. He feit a terrible sense of disgrace. It was a come-down
he had never expected, and he was aware
that there was a general sense of satisfaction at his downfall. Not a man had
spoken a word of sympathy, and he was
the oldest engineer on the road. Not that
he cared, but—
The unfamiliar work, the continual handling of the reverse lever and stretching

the uniaminar work, the continual handling of the reverse lever and stretching out of the window watching for signals wrenched him and made every bone in him ache. He was conscious of the sneering flippancy of the yardmen, but he toughof a momentary lull in the work to down and lean his aching back against the



They Shook Hands Slowly.

a few minutes before, and he was indulging in bitter thoughts. Somebody climbed up in the tender, and Joe Halliday stood before him. Joe laid a hand lightly on his shoul-der and as their eyes met he said: "Dave, ol' man, I'm awful sorry; I am, by gum! It's too bad." by gum! It's too bad."

Dave gave him an ugly look at first, but the honest sympathy in the brown eyes was too much even for him. They shook hands, slowly, the hard look melted out of the old man's face, and he said:
"Danged if I don't believe you're the best feller on the whole road, after

He got a signal to go, and as Joe jumped off he called after him: "Come 'round to the house this evenin'." When the minister congratulated Dave on his sturdy son-in-law the old man re-plied with such a smile as no one remembered ever to have seen on his face before "Yes, pa'son, he's a fine young feller. I was a pigheaded ol' fool, but I got a little sense knocked into me at last; pooty near

which was the biggest concession he had

ever been known to make.

sense knocked into killed me, though." And Joe tells Annie that her father is all right "if you only understand him."

A Delicate Operation.

From the London Chronicle. An operation probably unique has just een successfully carried out at Perugia. where an eminent professor has operated successfully for cataract upon a young lion. Having been chloroformed, the animal was placed afterward in a dimly lighted cage. This is an incident which would have profoundly interested the famous artist whose loss France is mourning. Rosa Bonheur made a particular study of lions, and literally lived among them. A lioness actually died in her arms, and she was greatly affected when the animal, in its last moments, licked her hand with its rough tongue.

IN THE DUTCH WEST INDIES

Features of Life at the Bottom of an Extinct Volcano.

Written for The Evening Star.

If the American eagle ever should conclude to extend its protection to the islands south of us known as the West Indies, probably among the first to scramble neath the shelter of its wing would be those at present owned by the Dutch. Not that the Hollanders do not bestow upon them the best sort of paternal government, but for the same reasons that the Danes are anxious to dispose of their own West Indian possessions - economic considerations. It is almost pathetic to observe the tenacity with which these once-powerful governments still cling to their tropical holdings in America. But it is possibly for the same reason that the hunter held on to the tail of the wild cat-that nobody would help him let go.

The Dutch possessions of the West Indies are comprised in the Islands of Curacao, Bonaire and Aruba, off the South American coast; Saba, St. Eustatius and part of St. Martin, in the northeast Carib-bean sea. Their aggregate area is only 403 square miles, their population 45,000 and the annual deficit in their revenues is about 60,000 guilders, which is made good by the mother country. The seat of government is at Curacao, where the chief magistrate resides, and each outlying island is under an officer appointed by the sovereign, entitled the "gezaghebber." Curacao is the largest, 210 miles in area; Ronaira nevi 95. Aruba 69: the molety of Bonaire next, 95; Aruba, 69; the molety of San Martin, 17; St. Eustatius, 7, and little Saba last with only five square miles to its credit, and about 1.800 inhabitants.

Napoleon's Cocked Hat.

It is of this least of the Dutch islands, Saba, which in olden times was known as "Napoleon's Cocked Hat," that this article treats. Hardly more than a mountain peak shot up from the depths of the sea, Saba is the northernmost volcano of the Caribbee Isles, which stretch in a semicircle from Porto Rico to the South Amerlean main. It lies about 150 miles easterly of our American Island of Porto Rico, and

more than five hundred to the northeast of Curacao; so it will be only natural that when the redistribution takes place Saba shall become a dependency of ours.

Should this happen, one thing is certain:
We should hold no quainter possession than
this same speck of an island in the Caribthis same speck of an island in the Caribbean sea, which forms one of the links in the chain connecting North and South America. Sweep the map with a glance, and you would be likely to overlook it entirely, so snugly is it sandwiched in between the others; but it has its own attractions, nevertheless. A friend of mine, a geographer and man of learning, once congratulated me as the only man he had ever met who had visited Saba, and declared that the first thing he should do when he had leisure would be to follow in my footsteps. Be that as it may, I can recall that no land I jever set foot on caused call that no land I ever set foot on caused me to thrill with such satisfaction and pleasure as when at last I found earth beneath me in Saba's only settlement. Not so much on account of the quality of the earth, as from the fact that it was earth, and not bounding billows or tumultuous seas. For I had been two days tossing up and down in a small "drogher" plying be-tween St. Thomas and St. Kitts, and was sick nigh unto death when we sighted Saba's peak piercing the gloom of a tropic twilight

Landing on the Island. The trade wind blew fiercely through the I was tumbled, together with my belongings. Two stalwart black men pulled it within hall of the shore, and then, instead of landing, they split the darkness shouts for help, yelling to some invisible person in the clouds to "come down." It was nearly an hour before a response was wafted out to the boat, and quite another ere some one shouted a welcome from the base of the frowning cliffs. He, she, or it, whoever or whatever, might have been a disembodied spirit, for all we knew, for nothing could be seen but the foaming breakers on the share and huge bowiders, dim and indistinct but in we went in dim and indistinct; but in we went, in

obedience to the siren's call.

The boat shot ahead with terrific speed straight for the rocks, and just as the shock of the impact with those rocks sent me tumbling heels over head, a strong arm seized me yanked me out unceremoniously and set me upright at the base of the cliff.
The process had been materially assisted
by a thumping wave, which had whelmed
the boat and smacked me in the back, at same time setting my luggage at. Other strong arms pulled the upon the rocks; emptied her of my effects and sent her back again on the breast of a wave, before I had wiped the salt water from my eyes. So there I was, alone with several strange folk, number and sex determined until a lantern was ligh when it was reduced from a multitude to

They were black, both of them, and evidently friendly, for after plling my luggage at the foot of the precipice they took me by the arms and guided me to what they called the "Ladder," which was a narrow trail up the side of said precipice. It was fortunate for my shattered nerves that the darkness hid the dangers of that trail from sight, for when I afterward saw it by daylight no money would have tempted me to essay it. But up we went, my guides climbing like goats and never making a misstep, until at last we reached a path which was not quite so steep as the side of a house, and I sat down to breathe. Sea is Always Rough.

My sable friends assured me that the dangers were passed, and they told me

that of the two landings which the island ossessed this was the worst. When the wind was west they used the eastward landing, called the Fort, and when it was east they used the Ladder; but whichever was used, and whatever the weather or wind, the sea was always rough. Here, however, the sturdy Dutch sailor

of Saba, many of whom are descended from men who had sailed with Van Horne and fest who had salied with Van Horne and Von Trompe, when these seas were infested with pirates and buccaneers, had resided all their lives. It was lucky for Saba that most of them met their ends at sea, for really there is not soil enough there to bury them in. Still, no other place in the world had the attractions for them held by this small islet, and if percentage. held by this small islet, and if perchance any removed to other parts they always came back, being homesick for their be-

came back, being nomesick for their be-loved mountfin and its crater.

Faint from hunger and tottering with weakness I was piloted to the harbormas-ter's house, for, though Saba had no harter's house, for, though Saba had no harbor, yet it had an official who drew pay as
captain of the poft, and by him, after I
had satisfied his duriosity as to my business, my birth and my respectability, I was
permitted to sleep on his floor. Strangers
seldom landed in Saba, and the last one, a
dozen years before, had come by daylight
and with proper credentials. I satisfied
him in the morning as to credentials, and
after being taken to the governmental chief,
who gave me a passport for two guilders
permitting me to reside in the island without molestation. I was introduced to the
widow of a departed mariner, who agreed
to board and lodge me.

At the Crater's Bottom

Her little house was neat and painter white, with a garden surrounding it filled with crotons, limes and orange trees, and in front a paved walk with comfortable benches, from which was a general view of the settlement. This is the town of Botthe settlement. This is the town of Bottom, so called from lying in the bottom of an extinct crater, and which I thought might better have been named the Summit, being so hard to reach, at its height of 960 feet above the level of the sea. Though surrounded on all sides by steep hills, with breaks in the brim only at the east and the west, through which the landing places are reached, yet the bottom of the ancient crater is quite broad and comparatively level. That the volcano once vomited out

DOWN IN A CRATER many million tons of rock and scattered them all about is only too evident, for the people here have had to pick up the rocks and stones and pile them in heaps before they could get any garden spaces. Each little garden is inclosed within walls so high that the one street and the bypaths wind between artificial cliffs, over which hang vines and prickly pears, the haunts of yellow warbiers and gilt-crested humming birds. The street and the lanes wind in and out, here and there, but never following a birds. The street and the lanes wind in and out, here and there, but never following a straight line, so that a stranger without a guide or a chart is in danger of losing his way within those wall-inclosed pathways. Even in the outlying country, up on the sides of the volcano, the fertile washings from the peak are inclosed within small pockets and planted as carefully as the soil in a window garden. The upper valleys are apportioned among the inhabitants, every available inch of earth being planted, some inclosures holding edible palladiums, others small patches of sweet potato, with its convolvus-like flower, others still having a cow and calf or a goat transport. VAST STORES OF SULPHUR ers still having a cow and calf or a goat impounded. Like the Temperate Zone.

At this elevation of more than a thousand feet, and right out at sea, as it were, the fruits and vegetables of the temperate zone all flourish exceedingly, and, as in the Blue mountains of Jamaica, I have picked wild strawberries and eaten white potatoes here,

strawberries and eaten white potatoes here, which cannot be raised in the heated zone of the coast. And the people are more like those of the northern zone, for, living here so far above the sea, they have preserved the fair skins and red cheeks of their Dutch ancestors. Nearly all the children not jet black have flaxen hair, freckled faces, wide mouths and sky-blue eyes; in fact, it is a tow-headed, Dutch-built population, with the whites in greater proportion to the blacks than in any other island of the West Indies. In most of the islands the proportion of blacks to whites is as forty proportion of blacks to whites is as forty to one—that is about the average in Ja-maica; but here it is the other way, which

Owing to the venturesome natures of the men and boys, who take to the sea as ducks to water, there is always a great disparity between the number of males and females, the women and girls being much in excess of their brothers, husbands and fathers. And they are the prettiest specimens of female kind to be found in these parts, to wed whom the boys of Danish St. Thomas, French Guadeloupe, English St. Kitts and Spanish Porto Rico often risk the dangers of the deep and assolit the steeps of the part. of the deep and assail the steeps of the port and the ladder.

s most refreshing to observe.

Birds and Blossoms. The town in the crater is not a bower of

tropical loveliness, as the vegetation has not a true tropic aspect, lacking palms and bananas, and such like products of the tor rid zone, owing to the exposure of the windswept crater bed. The houses are pretty and neat, painted white with red-tiled roofs, and the gardens—as has been said— are most attractive, owing to their careful cultivation.

But if you would see what nature in the tropics is capable of, then climb the sides of the sky-reaching volcano, the highest peak of which is 2,820 feet above the shimmering sea at its base. Whichever way you walk you have either to climb or de-scend, for there is hardly a foot of level going. Rapidly rising from the bottom the surface slopes to a narrow gulch, which is the bed of a stream in the rainy season. and which, as the mountain steeps are gained, is literally choked with wonders of tropic growth. Such a gulch is that called Martinique Gut, a deep ravine cut through the upper "provision grounds" of the na-tives, where great trumpet trees spread broad, palmate leaves, their trunks draped in air plants and lianas, among which dis-port the various birds peculiar to the sland. Saba, as the most northern of the true volcanic islands, is the home of some birds not to be found anywhere nearer the temperate zone than here. It was the northernmost habitat, as I ascertained, of the beautiful humming bird known as the garnet throat, which is one of the largest found in the West Indies, and has plumage like velvet shot with Iridescent and metallie hues of $\det p$ wine or garnet. Another bird to be found only farther southward is the "wedrigo," or devil bird, which inhabits the mountain peaks of Dominica.

Ascending the Peak.

As the ascent is made above the ravines the tree ferns and mountain palms grow very numerous, the wild plantains, with golden and crimson cups, hang athwart the path hewn by the cutlass, and a wilderness of orchideous plants cover the trees. There mountain gorges, and beat us off from the island again; but at last we got island again; but at last we got the natives of Saba, though the men make the natives of Saba, though the men make paris) he drew the half pay accorded to ofroyages round the world, and are tantly at sea, yet have no love for mountain climbing. As for the women, if they get from one door to another, and once a year or so make the trip of forty miles to St. Kitts, they think they have done won

But the view from the peak is worth veyaging far and climbing high to see bracing, as it does, a wide seascape dotted with the islands of St. Barts, St. Martins and Anguilla to the east; St. Thomas, Santa Cruz, St. Johns and the Virgin group to the north; St. Eustatius, St. Kitts, Nevis and Montserrat to the south-all historic

islands, and every one a gem. The Sulphur Deposit.

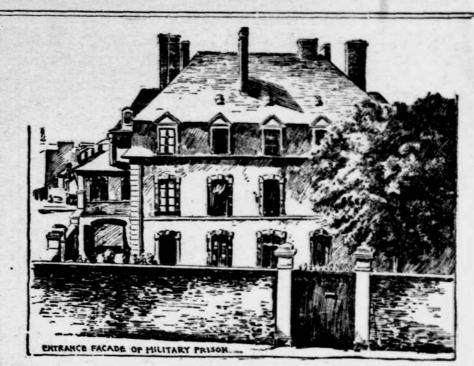
Being a volcano, though quiescent, Saba yields, of course, the natural concomitant of lava and scoriae-sulphur, and in a very pure state. It was claimed for the vast deposit of sulphur, which was then being exploited toward the heart of the volcano, that it was the only mine of pure, cool sulphur in this hemisphere-the only one outside of Sicily, in fact. I have seen the sulphur of Popocatapetl, Mexico, in situ, and it was to gratify my desire to see that of Saba that, one very hot day, I descended the eastern cliffs, nine hundred feet below the heights. There I found the black miners working heartily, in a temperature too hot to mention in polite society, at a level about two hundred feet above the sea great cliffs were seamed with veins ap-parently inexhaustible, and owing to the purity of the crude sulphur, it is blasted purity of the crude suiphur, it is blasted from their faces and shot down a wire tram to the holds of vessels anchored near the shore. Only in good weather is this possible, and even in the smoothest sea there is some danger, for the trades blow straight against the cliffs, and there is no shelter nearer than the west shore of 'Sta tia, fifteen or twenty miles away.

The highest point in the island occupied by dwellings is 1,400 feet above the sea, and, as there are no horses or other beasts of burden capable of climbing the steep paths leading thereto, everything is transported from the shore on the heads of the people. The cargo of every coasting vessel that arrives with freight for the hamlet is first unladen under the cliffs, and then taken up by the men, a hundred pounds to a man. A barrel of flour is divided, by one-half being put into a sack, and two men carry it up, each one with his load bal-anced airlly on his head as though but a feather-weight. In this manner two great trunks of mine were taken up the ladder, over steeps so nearly perpendicular that even a goat would think twice before tak-ing his life in his hands, as it were, and attempting that terrible trail. The carrier wanted me to go down and open the trunks, in order that they might divide the con-tents; but rather than do this, I gave them the keys and trusted to their bonesty. Rather than go over that path again, I would have let the trunks lie there and go

How Freight is Carried.

to pieces, though they contained much that I valued very highly. F. A. OBER. Had to Revise His Opinion. From Puck. "Did you ever see a prize fight?"

"Never. I thought I had until I read



The Dreyfus Case Has Only Brought Matters to a Head.

MAY BE TROUBLE SOON

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. PARIS, July 1, 1899.

It is no longer Alfred Dreyfus, but Mon Capitaine. A touching story tells how, after notifying him in the far-off Isle du Diable of the revision, they offered him his captain's uniform again and he refused

It is a touching tale, but most unlikely. Some say he must appear in uniform before | natural associates, men of his own opinion the Rennes court-martial. Others declare he has no right to wear the uniform. It is a question tangled up with legal difficulties in comparison with which the knotted horrors of the chose juge are clear and simple. First-The annulment of his sentence places Alfred Dreyfus exactly where he was on the day of his appearance before the first court-martial in 1894. He is, therefore today captain of artillery in active service, with the difference that he has four and a half years' more grade to his credit.

Second—But the ceremony of degradation forbids him to take back his stripes until the day he shall formally be presented to his regiment amid the flourishing of trumpets and the rolling of drums.

Third—This proposition seems utterly erroneous, because as the revision effaces the principal punishment the degradation, which was only an accessory punishment, is wiped out with the out with it.
Fourth-Excepting that the degradation is not at all an accessory punishment, but an intimate and solemn family rite within the bosom of the army, an excommunication against whose ban the civil power has no

Back Pay Due Him. Certainly he is a captain. He has been a captain all these years, now that the court of cassation has said it. And so he has a right to his back pay. Up to October 15, 1894, Dreyfus had drawn everything coming to him. From that time until December 31 pay again the day after the decision of the court of cassation, he has a right to half pay from January 1, 1885, as if he had been always in detention. The account stands: Captain's balf-pay (unmounted, grade of

Capiain's half-pay (unmounted, grade or less than six years' service), from Jan-uary 1 to September 11, 1895 (8 months, 11 days, at 4 fr. 25c. a day). Capitain's half-pay (unmounted, grade of more than six years' service), from Sep-tember 12, 1835, to June 3, 1896 (3 years, 8 months, 21 days), at 4 fr. 75c. a day.

Back pay due to Captain Dreyfus..... Should the Rennes court-martial acquit him he would be entitled to full back pay, instead of half. Also, to be exact, the moment he put foot upon the soil of France, the right accrued to him to have his captain's traveling expenses-on the poor trip from Brest to Rennes-five francs fixed "transport indemnity," eight francs for one day's "deplacement" and three centimes day's "deplacement" and three centimes the kilometer (mileage), making less than twenty francs in all, for which he will make requisition in his hand as captain.

Still Being Punished.

Captain Dreyfus has recovered what his banishment had cost him, his right to make a will, his right to inherit and receive gifts and his civil status; he is an accused person in whose favor there exists a presumption of innocence; but he is an accused per son who continues to suffer the punish-ment to which he was condemned by a udgment that has no longer any lege istence. The courst of cassation had the right to order a "suspension" of that punshment. It did not do so, any more than in the other great revision cases of Cauvin



and Jamet and Leger-each afterward acquitted by the court of assizes. Each of these prisoners, instead, profited by a "ry-gime of favor" simply, as does Dreyfus. Dreyfus has his meals from a Rennes restaurant. His prison bed has yellow cre-tonne hangings. And looks out on a gar-

From his room in the military jail of Rannes he can, now and again, hear the yells of the crowd. wafted on the breezes of the night. What can he think of them? The illusions of his voyage are certainly dispelled. He cannot still imagine, as he has imagined all these years, that Gen Boisdeffre is his friend and that his let have at last touched the good heart of Fe-lix Faure! Dreyfus' ignorance of the strange and terrible campaign is the most touching thing. He thinks that time and diplomatic changes have permitted the great chiefs to do him justice. He has always dreamed—his letters show it—that he was sacrificed, though only temporarily, to some great state necessity. He has harged was sacrineed, though only temporarily, to some great state necessity. He has begged General de Boisdeffre a hundred times to lift the veil. "Now I can thank Boisdeffre!" is said to have been his first joyous remark when the revision was announced to him. "Now I can thank Boisdeffre!" Think of the

Even today Dreyfus has no idea of the terrible, black hatred felt for him by the great mass of Frenchmen. He will be lucky if he does not learn of it through lynching or a return trip to the accursed

Island!

A fine old Frenchman, cultivated, courteous, tall, digffified and well preserved, a type from out the old, aristocratic past, the Comte d'E—, is an anti-Dreyfusard. The Rennes court-martial happened to be mentioned by a thoughtless outsider, and the match set to the powder. "Oh, they will simply send him back," the count said

FEELING RUNS HIGH

calmly, at the start. "The court of cassation has said there was an informality in the first trial. Perhaps. Now he will have another trial." Then, seeing looks of certain wonder in some faces, he blazed up indignantly. "Why, you know the swine is guilty, arch-guilty! His family knows it, everybody knows it! The Jews care nothing for him; they would let him rot as a disgrace except they want to use him to crush anti-Semitism out of France! I don't care anything about the details!" the old man began to thunder. "All I wait to hear is one thing—Dreyfus condemned and sent back to his island by the Rennes court-martial! Snoot him, hang him, give him to the dogs!

"Or else" we asked.
"Or else"—the old man's eyes flashed like
i maniac's—'er else the massacre. Yes, I
leok forward to it. You will never see the look forward to it. You will never see the exposition! Next year there will be no exposition. But France will rise, and you was see another St. Batholomew. Kill, burn! Shoot, stab and drown them out of France! Clear out the vermin!" he hissed, his face transfigured by his fury. "Let the gutters run with their pig blood! Stab! Shoot! I wait the great day, the great day of the deliverance of France!" We sat there in the smoking room, silent and astonished, while the old man-drew himself up, took his hat and walked out into the night.

Talk on Both Sides.

versation between two friends of th

"Have you heard talk like that before?" asked another Frenchman sitting .aere. He had not, he, an "intellectual," a conscientious Dreyfusard, continually with his or else simply passive. But a Portuguese young woman much in the high social swim said: "Yes, you can hear talk like that all day."

On the other side I just overheard a con-

MILITARY PRISON (RENNES) OFFICERS SIDE

men of place, one—the most optifessorship in the university because of his conviction. "All goes well!" beamed this brave "intellectual." "All goes well. We triumph!"

Hum!" said his more cautious friend, "I "Hum: said his more cautious triend, I want to see Dreyfus acquitted first!"
"But you have it, and unanimously. Hasn't Dreyfus seen acquitted by the court of cassation?"
"But the court-martial? Are you posted

as to the sentiments of the army, what the great chiefs say out loud and what they are preparing? All those factious generals and insolent colonels who only preach revolt, class hatred and intimidation? Have you been about and heard things?"

All May Be Going Well.

"I have just come from Rennes," the op timist answered, heartily and hastily. "I walked the streets, talked to the citizens, saw the prison and the barracks, and I can tell you all goes well! The spirit of the people is excellent, perfect, admirable. Every body wants peace, reconciliation and jus-tice. At least, that is what those well in touch with the real heart of the population ell me. I was not able to control all thes cheering assurances, because the two days I was there there were some slight disturbances, crowds going up and down that cried, 'Down with the traitors!' and 'Death to the Jews!' I even saw one evening a non-commissioned artillery officer knock down a citizen who cried, 'Hurrah for the republic! Hurrah for the law!' But what does that prove? Nothing. It seems that it was only a superficiel artistic seems that it was only a superficial agitation, and that the bottom of things is calm, even sympa-thetic! Why, naturally, my dear friend, when the waters of a lake are agitated you dan't see the bottom. But the bottom don't see the bottom. But the bottom, it is always there. And the bottom—that is everything! You can take my word for it,

ill goes well!" all goes well!"

We were gitting on the terrace of the Tavern Pousset. His less optimistic friend sighed gently as he pointed to a row of camelots, or fakirs, crying out the latest novelty: "Ask for the New Proofs of Dreyfus' Treason. By M. Cavinac. Two sous." And "Just Out, His Return Ticket to the lie du Diable!"

A Plea for Silence,

"Oh, that's nothing," laughed the optimist, "you know that's paid for!" Then he spoke quite tenderly of those against him. "When Dreyfus is acquitted," he said, "we must deal gently with the erring generals. We must sponge the whole thing out. Do you know what I would have? Not the sponge only, but a perfect silence! Let the newspapers be silent; let the chambers be silent; let everybody be silent. And then the country will recover, silently! All goes well!"

He left us. Hardly had he left us than we heard cries, a tunuit and a row, with lifted canes and flying hats, to the tune of "Vive l'armee! Mort aux Julfs! Vive l'armee! Mort aux raitres! A bas Loubet! Panama! Mort a la republique! Vive l'armee."

And in the middle of the relation of the lift was the lift with the relation of the lift was th

l'armee."

And, in the middle of the disturbance, produced in the ordinary way by the paid camelots and har gers-on of the great Napoleon Hayard, king of the newsboys, we beheld our friend of tenderness and silence, his hat smashed in, his collar torn and his lip bleeding, struggling with two other heroes against unequal odds. At last they were rescued. "Well?" we asked.
"It was nothing but a superficial agitation." he answered, smiling brightly. "The people are all right at bottom! All goes well!"

STERLING HEILIG.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. "Count," she said, "you must give me some proof that you do not want me for my money alone."

He looked at her silently for a moment, and a subtle sort of sadness seemed to spread across his features. Then he spoke slowly, softly, as if he had been hurt:
"I will do thees thing you ask," he said;
"I will prove that I want to marry you for yourself only—I will do thees thing on one condition." one condition."

Tears of happiness rose to her eyes

Tears of happiness rose to her eyes. She threw her arms around him and kissed him, and then she sobbed:

"Ah, darling, I knew you would do so. I have felt from the first that my noble Bruno was no mere fortune hunter. What is the condition, dearest?"

"That you will prove you do not marry me only for my title." he replied.

"Oh, well," she said, "let's drop the subject. Can you be ready by a week from Wednesday?"